

TO Dryden's)
76
MY LORD
CHANCELLOR,

Presented on

New-years-day,

By *J. Driden*:

L O N D O N,

Printed for *Henry Herringman* at the
Anchor in the Lower-walk in the New
Exchange. 1662.

THE
MUSEUM
OF
THE
CHANCERY

New-Years Day



Printed for Henry Baskin
in the Lower Walk in the Court
of the British Museum



My Lord,

WHile flattering crouds officiously appear
To give themselves, not you, an happy year;
And by the greatness of their Presents prove
How much they hope, but not how well they love;
The Muses (who your early courtship boast,
Though now your flames are with their beauty lost)
Yet watch their time, that if you have forgot
They were your Mistresses, the World may not:
Decay'd by time and wars, they only prove
Their former beauty by your former love;
And now present, as antient Ladies do
That courted long at length are forc'd to woo.
For still they look on you with such kind eyes
As those that see the Churches Sovereign rise
From their own Order chose, in whose high State
They think themselves the second choice of Fate.
When our Great Monarch into Exile went
Wit and Religion suffer'd banishment:
Thus once when *Troy* was wrapt in fire and smoak
The helpless Gods their burning shrines forsook;
They with the vanquisht Prince and party go,
And leave their Temples empty to the fo:
At length the Muses stand restor'd again
To that great charge which Nature did ordain;

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And

And their lov'd Druyds seem reviv'd by Fate
 While you dispence the Laws and guide the State.
 The Nations soul (our Monarch) does dispence
 Through you to us his vital influence ;
 You are the Chancel where those spirits flow
 And work them higher as to us they go.

In open prospect nothing bounds our eye
 Until the Earth seems joyn'd unto the Sky :
 So in this Hemisphær our utmost view
 Is only bounded by our King and you :
 Our sight is limited where you are joyn'd
 And beyond that no farther Heav'n can find.
 So well your Vertues do with his agree
 That though your Orbs of different greatness be,
 Yet both are for each others use dispos'd,
 His to inclose, and yours to be inclos'd.
 Nor could another in your room have been
 Except an Emptiness had come between.
 Well may he then to you his Cares impart
 And share his burden where he shares his heart.
 In you his sleep still wakes ; his pleasures find
 Their share of bus'ness in your lab'ring mind :
 So when the weary Sun his place resigns
 He leaves his light and by reflection shines.

Justice that sits and frowns where publick Laws
 Exclude soft mercy from a private cause,
 In your Tribunal most her self does please ;
 There only smiles because she lives at ease ;
 And like young *David* finds her strength the more
 When disincumberd from those arms she wore :
 Heav'n would your Royal Master should exceed
 Most in that Vertue which we most did need,
 And his mild Father (who too late did find
 All mercy vain but what with pow'r was joyn'd,)
 His fatal goodnesse left to fitter times,
 Not to increase but to absolve our Crimes.

But

But when the Heir of this vast treasure knew
 How large a Legacy was left to you,
 (Too great for any Subject to retain)
 He wisely t' d it to the Crown again :
 Yet passing through your hands it gathers more,
 As streams through Mines bear tincture of their Ore.
 While Emp'rique politicians use deceit,
 Hide what they give, and cure but by a cheat ;
 You boldly show that skill which they pretend,
 And work by means as noble as your end :
 Which, should you veil, we might unwind the clue
 As men do Nature, till we came to you.
 And as the *Indies* were not found before
 Those rich perfumes which from the happy shore
 The winds upon their balmy wings convey'd,
 Whose guilty sweetnesse first their World betray'd ;
 So by your Counsels we are brought to view
 A rich and undiscover'd World in you,
 By you our Monarch does that fame assure
 Which Kings must have or cannot live secure :
 For prosp'rous Princes gain the Subjects heart,
 Who love that praise in which themselves have part :
 By you he fits those Subjects to obey,
 As Heavens Eternal Monarch does convey
 His pow'r unseen, and man to his designs,
 By his bright Ministers the Stars, inclines.

Our setting Sun from his declining seat
 Shot beams of kindnesse on you, not of heat :
 And when his love was bounded in a few,
 That were unhappy that they might be true ;
 Made you the favo'rite of his last sad times,
 That is a sufferer in his Subjects crimes :
 Thus those first favours you receiv'd were sent
 Like Heav'ns rewards, in earthly punishment.
 Yet Fortune conscious of your destiny
 Ev'n then took care to lay you softly by :

And

And wrapt your fate among her precious things,
 Kept fresh to be unfolded with your Kings.
 Shown all at once you dazled so our eyes,
 As new-born *Pallas* did the Gods surprize;
 When springing forth from *Jove's* new-closing wound
 She struck the Warlick Spear into the ground;
 VVhich sprouting leaves did suddenly inclose,
 And peaceful Olives shaded as they rose.

How strangely active are the arts of Peace,
 VVhose restless motions lesse than VVars do cease!
 Peace is not freed from labour but from noise;
 And VVar more force but not more pains employs;
 Such is the mighty swiftnesse of your mind
 That (like the earth's) it leaves our sence behind,
 VVhile you so smoothly turn and roul our Sphear,
 That rapid motion does but rest appear.
 For as in Natures swiftnesse, with the throng
 Offlying Orbs while ours is born along,
 All seems at rest to the deluded eye:
 (Mov'd by the Soul of the same harmony)
 So carry'd on by your unwearied care
 VVe rest in Peace and yet in motion share.
 Let Envy then those Crimes within you see
 From which the Happy never must be free;
 (Envy that does with misery reside,
 The joy and the revenge of ruin'd Pride;)
 Think it not hard if at so cheap a rate
 You can secure the constancy of Fate,
 VVhose kindnesse sent, what does their malice seem,
 By lesser ills the greater to redeem.
 Nor can we this weak show'r a tempest call
 But drops of heat that in the Sun-shine fall.
 You have already weary'd Fortune so
 She can not farther be your friend or fo;
 But sits all breathlesse, and admires to feel
 A Fate so weighty that it stops her wheel.

In all things else above our humble fate
 Your equal mind yet swells not into state,
 But like some mountain in those happy Isles
 VVhere in perpetual Spring young Nature smiles,
 Your greatnesse shows: no horrou to afright
 But Trees for shade, and Flow'rs to court the sight;
 Sometimes the Hill submits itself a while
 In small descents, which do its height beguile;
 And sometimes mounts, but so as billows play
 VVhose rise not hinders but makes short our way.
 Your brow which does no fear of thunder know
 Sees rouling tempests vainly beat below;
 And (like *Olympus* top,) th' impression wears
 Of Love and Friendship writ in former years.
 Yet unimpair'd with labours or with time
 Your age but seems to a new youth to climb.
 Thus Heav'nly bodies do our time beget;
 And measure Change, but share no part of it.
 And still it shall without a weight increase,
 Like this New-year, whose motions never cease;
 For since the glorious Course you have begun
 Is led by *CHARLS*, as that is by the Sun,
 It must both weightlesse and immortal prove,
 Because the Center of it is above.

FINIS.